THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 13.

—

And to be dull, was constru'd to be good.
POPE'S ART. CRIT.

THERE is no one notion more false, than that which some have taken up, that religion is inconsistent with a gentleman. It is this wrong sentiment which gives such a clownish roughness to some men's manners, and wrinkles their brows into the disagreeableness of a frown, when they should be smoothed with all that serenity which is so inseparable from good breeding. This is the reason why many who give themselves up to the greatest austerities of behaviour, and the severities of mortification, live in this world as if they had no other concern in it, but only of bare spectators; and seclude themselves as much from mankind as if they were of a lower species than themselves, and sunk into the class of brutes. Such a conduct must certainly proceed from very great pride, or very great ignorance, or be an unhappy composition of both. They either conceit themselves to be too good to converse with their fellow creatures, and so treat them with a lordly superiority: or else are ignorant of the most suitable manner to address them. It is very certain they know little of the world, for if they were let into a true sight of it, they would be sensible that as there are some in it to be detested for villains, there are also others who deserve respect as men of honour.

Mankind are not so bad as some are apt to make them; there are a thousand good qualities scattered about promiscuously among the good and evil; and these latter are not always to be shunned, though we are not to choose them as our chief companions; even to these we are to shew a courteous and affable deportment; and when we fail in this respect, we discover a strange savageness of behaviour, and want of respect to those relics of the Divine image, which still brighten their souls. Besides, suppose we are above others in sanctity, is that a reason for our being below them in good manners? Polite breeding is certainly for ever amiable, and shines with a brighter grace, when surrounded by the glories of religion. He who possesses a soul like an angel, should not sordidly neglect his body like those animals which are inferior to him; but should so behave the one as to express the sentiments and charity of the other. He that feels the least emotions of humanity working in his breast, sees every rational creature with a secret joy, and labours to give him some open tes-

timony of his regard. He readily acknowledges every good thing in him, and loves him sincerely for every single qualification. He would be heartily glad to make a wicked man better, and would certainly effect it, if it lay in his power: but if it does not, he is so far from contemning, that he pities him. He does not look upon him with a still air of purity, as if he said with his looks, *stand off, I am holier than thou*; but lets him see a perfect amiableness in his face, which owes its original to a true love to his person. He would suffer the greatest inconvenience, rather than do the least unmannerly or unhandsome thing to him. He considers that as the Supreme Being has condescended to mankind, so he hath set himself as an example to be followed by his creatures: that he is never so great as when he stoops, and if he is superior to any other, it is not owing to himself, but to that being who is perpetually flowing out his various munificence upon the world. When we have ascended to the highest step of greatness, there we must stop, unless we look down upon those who are placed in a lower form; and as we ascend in perfection and place, so, like God, descend in love and bounty.

A mutual converse is what we were so much made for, that it is impossible for us wholly to wear off our affection for society, without doing the last violence to our constitutions. And religion far from dissolving the bonds of nature heightens and refines them. In vain therefore does the melancholy devotee use his piety as a pretence to separate wholly from mankind. Men are not to adapt their passions into religion, sanctify their ill humour into grace, and make their seeming sanctity a plea for the most insufferable arrogance. If they have a good opinion of themselves, that is no reason why they should entertain an ill one of others. It would be sad indeed if a few particular men should be the only good ones in the world, because they have the vanity to think they are so: that the straight gate should be made still so much straighter, that none but a few narrow contracted souls should be able to get in; when men of open and honest hearts, a free and courteous air, and of a rational and charitable devotion are quite excluded by them. But these reserved and affected gentlemen may perhaps tell you, that mankind are universally deceitful, so that there is no trusting any of them; but they it seems are the only honest men upon earth, and therefore love to be shut up within themselves; not knowing what they say. Besides, if we will put no trust in any person, yet at least we may manifest that respect to him he deserves as a rational being, and use him like a gentleman, though not as a friend. There are ten thousand familiar, innocent, and diverting things to be said in company without the least laying ourselves open to the censures of any person in it. And should they afterwards be openly related out of a malicious design against us, yet in the judgment of all the unprejudiced, they would contribute to raise our esteem, rather than depress it. On the contrary, a man who is as it were solemnly dumb among his fellow creatures, and as scrupulously cautious as if he thought they had all designs upon him, is generally detested as morose, ill-natured and unsociable; fitter to herd among wild beasts than be a member of the society of men. Every one is

suspicious of him as he is jealous of them. His company hangs as a burden upon them, and they long to throw it off by leaving it.

This age is too polite, to bear the same ill manners and roughness as the former. Then a man was thought the more religious for being a clown, and very honest because he used no ceremony but downright plain dealing. But now the taste of mankind is very much rectified; and the world cannot endure the absurdity to see a man behave himself as if he were under the reign of queen Elizabeth. It is certainly very decent to conform to the innocent customs of the times in which we live. This shews modesty and humility, and that we do not set up our private opinions against the universal voice and practice. Singularity in any thing indifferent shews a mistaken mind, and a high degree of pride and affectation. It is an evident demonstration of a meanness of soul, which it is impossible should take place in a man of generous and enlarged sentiments. We are wonderfully deceived if we think to gain a greater esteem by our abstractedness from mankind. For though some ignorant melancholy persons, of the same character with ourselves, may be very lavish in our praises, yet all those gentlemen who have good sense as well as virtue, will look upon us as with a secret pity, if not contempt; and be justly averse to our society, as we are unjustly to their's.

But the worst of all is, that whereas these deceived good men think to advance religion by their dulness and unsociableness, there are no men in the world who cast such a gloom upon it, and bring it under such disgrace. If a dull, sour temper comes into the essence of religion, (says a merry spark who is perpetually driving after his pleasures) if I must sacrifice my reason, my good nature, my love to society, and handsome behaviour to what they call christianity, I will even continue in my present course of life, and live and die like a well-bred Atheist. So strong a passion have we all for happiness, that any thing that gives us the least idea of misery is for that reason unwelcome to us, and that man who lets the world see nothing in his religion but complaints, groans and tears, and all the other terrible ensigns of unhappiness and discontent; who does not so much as shew common civility to his own image and likeness; is scrupulous about the most innocent and indifferent things; flies human converse, and will not so much as taste the harmless delights of life, does but dress up religion as a frightful bugbear to scare people away from its embraces, and seems as if he were hired by Satan to bring the ways of virtue into infamy. On the contrary, all the world is charmed with a gentleman who at the same time that he is religious, is also complaisant and obliging; who wears cheerfulness in his aspect, and whose years seem to slide away in a perpetual content; till at last looking with pleasure upon so beautiful an example, they are irresistibly drawn to imitate what they admire. X.

FOR THE EMERALD.

The following Review of Corinna, or Italy; by Madame de Staël Holstein, is translated from the French, and was originally published in La Revue Philosophique, &c. for the month of June last.

Madam de Staël does not seek, like other writers of romances, (I mean good ones) to paint scenes from life and char-

acters from society. Her only object is to bring to view her sentiments, her sensations and her opinions upon morals, literature, the arts, &c. and as in her every thing of this kind, quits the common sphere, it is impossible that the writings in which she displays them should not be extraordinary productions. The style of this romance is not less singular than the ideas which it contains. The same fire of the imagination, the same elevation of the mind which inspire those sentiments in which no one participates, suggest also those expressions which no one employs; and besides, with Madame de Staël, the *neologism* of phrases appears to be a matter of calculation, an artifice of the writer—since we often see her investing with unusual forms vulgar things, which, at least, attract attention for the moment.

In this work of Madame de Staël is united a romance and travels. The scene being almost constantly laid in Italy, the authoress has from thence taken occasion to describe nature, and the monuments of that fine country. She has spoken of the arts with that poetical, enthusiastic and inspired tone, of which President Dupaty has given a model in his *Letters upon Italy*, and which is not always the expression, nor even the proof of a real and correct opinion of these beauties with which she seems to be so passionately in love. The descriptions of Mad. De Staël afford me but a very vague idea of those things she represents. I see in them not the form, the dimension, the use, the subject and the matter of the monuments, but only the sensations which the authoress experienced in viewing them. But, not having seen Rome, Naples and Florence, I cannot compare these sensations with my own, and I have not consequently any knowledge of them: it is for those only who have enjoyed a view of the same objects, to interrogate their own recollection for the faithfulness of the narration. As to the exalted style of these descriptions, or rather of these phrases, about buildings, statues, and paintings, it has been properly criticized in the work of President Dupaty, who speaks from his own knowledge; it is however but just to remark, with respect to Madam De Staël, that she puts it into the mouth of Corinna, who is an extemporaneous rhymer*, and a passionate lover.

* *Improvisatrice.*

It is then a consistent trait in the cha acter of Corinna to cause her to spe upon the arts with this *tone* of imagin tion, of sensibility, and at the same tim of poetick pomp, which an ungover able passion, an ardent mind, and t habit of extemporising in verse, mu necessarily occasion. It would be wro to think that the descriptive and pictu esque part of the work injured the sen mental and dramatic part. The auth ess is by no means ignorant of the ma ner of connecting both skilfully toge er. The descriptions besides are chie placed at the beginning of the romanc we see no more of them after the *actio* well begun and when the plot becom more developed and concentrated.

The chief merit of a novel is witho doubt its power to *interest* the feelin and this one certainly contains no sm portion of that merit. The last re dence of Corinna in Scotland, what there sees, suffers, and acts—all work upon the strong passions of soul; and we are finally melted into te at her last moments. The plot is co ducted with skill. The suspense in wh Corinna is placed as to the history Oswald. Oswald of the history of Corin and the reader, of the history of L *prudences for the dramatis personæ* unq et and agitated sensations of the s and excites our own curiosity with rendering us too eager for its gratifi tion. The events have sufficient pro bility for the characters represent but these characters themselves are deed very extraordinary—if not hig improbable; and from thence their fortunes do not interest us so much if they resembled us more. Corinna being such as possibly might have ex ed, but such also as it is to be hoped do resemble, and she is what no virtu or reasonable woman could wish to Undoubtedly she possesses a noble generous character—she has even in the sense in which that word is ap ed to woman; but she delivers he up to the passion of love with that de of impetuosity, that according to laws which society and perhaps na has imposed upon her sex, canno countenanced, and ought to be rest ed. Besides Corinna lives so very gularly. Residing alone with her do ticks, she receives little other comp than that of the men, declaims exte

raneous verses in public, sings, accompanying her voice with the lyre, and dances before every stranger who requests it, with as little reluctance as an *Almé* or a *Byadère*; in short, she is not a woman for private life, but altogether a *public* one, and this is so far from the true destination of women, that custom has affixed this epithet to those who are the disgrace of the sex. Madam de Staël has herself so thoroughly experienced the effects which such conduct has produced in relation to the reputation of a woman, that few readers of romances can deceive themselves relative to the true character of Corinna, or be astonished, that the father of Oswald, who has never seen Corinna rhyming extemporaneously, singing and dancing in Italy, should take a little *English freedom* of comparing her to the courtezans of Greece. Madam de Staël cannot certainly have wished to propose Corinna as a *model* to her sex, nor even as an object of admiration: she must have solely desired to trace a being of imagination, of fancy—without drawing a character from real life: but she cannot be ignorant that, in the arts, all creatures of the imagination, whose figures are only in the brain of the artist, have never succeeded in any great degree, nor have they been as durable as those which offer a representation of nature herself. The first may astonish and dazzle us at their birth; but we turn to the others more frequently and behold them without fatigue. It is now more than a century since the *Princess of Cleves* has been perused and reperused with increasing satisfaction.

Oswald to be sure is not that extraordinary being, or rather *superiour* one according to Corinna He has even prejudices and meannesses. The light in which Corinna would be viewed, in England, if she should become his wife, discommodes him not a little; and we perceive that, on his own account, he would prefer a woman who would retire at the *dessert*, go and boil her tea-kettle, uttering three or four insipid apologies to her good friends, and when the gentlemen have withdrawn from the table, pour out their tea without saying a single word more, than Corinna amusing herself with rhymes, musick, dancing, metaphysicks and enthusiasm, before a numerous circle. We may pardon him those scruples which yield and ought to yield, as to the rest, to the all powerful charms of Corinna. But how can we explain, how justify, I do not say his infidelity, sufficiently authorized by absence and the apparent neglect of Corinna, the present charms of Lucilia, and the natural inconstancy of the human heart, but that singular resolution which he forms beforehand of never marrying Corinna, whom he adores, if he discovers that it was not the wish of his father, that he should? Love is from its very nature, a sentiment, if not exclusive, at least a predominant one. It is so particularly and ought to be in works of the imagination, romances or dramas; and the reason of it is simple, it is because that love, if it do not triumph over every other affection, would make itself suspected of not being very violent, and nothing is less interesting nor more common than cool love: it would not therefore be worth while to depicture in a book and display in a scene what we see every day in society. But to the subject, in what a strange situation is Oswald placed? He knows Corinna even to the inmost recesses of her heart: he knows every thing she has ever done or thought: he knows every thing that the prepossessions of the world have to reproach her with, and appreciates them—that is to say, he considers them but trifles. His father less enchained by these prepossessions, than tenderly interested in the future destiny of his son, has decided, that Corinna will not answer for his wife. But can this father know Corinna better than Oswald himself? Does he know better than Oswald what will constitute his happiness? Besides a wish, a suggestion, were they even from a dying father, is by no means a command. Because he is dead, and can no longer revoke his wish, ought Oswald therefore to dread as much not to fulfil it—as if it were to violate the express command of a living father? This may be filial respect of the first kind, but it is certainly not love; and indeed, if it were permissible to interpret the conduct of the *actors* in a novel, otherwise than the writer himself has represented it, I, for myself, should believe that Oswald, already tired of Corinna, did not lay hold on this idea of deference to his father's will, but as a convenient pretext to get rid of her.

It has not however escaped Madam de Staël that the conduct of Oswald is not conformable to the natural impulses of

the heart; but she thought herself obliged to make use of this character, and in order to render it a little supportable, she has made many more efforts than were necessary to pass it off. All this has notwithstanding rendered the character of Oswald generally displeasing.

The character of Lucilia Edgermond is traced and painted with an inexpressible charm. She is a virgin of Raphaël. It is not perhaps, to make our court too well, to her who has depictured both; but on many accounts we prefer Lucilia to Corinna.

The mother of Lucilia offers not to our view that beautiful ideal being, under which her daughter appears: but this is a character drawn from real nature; an English woman, a wife, a mother in law, and indeed a mother. We love her for the great love she bears her daughter. It is under this character that Madam de Staël has painted the manners of English women with a fidelity and delicacy of pencil that has excited universal approbation.

I shall take no notice of the other *episodical* or secondary characters, such as Count *D'Erfeuil*, the Prince of Castelford, Lord Edgermond, Madam D'Arbigny, Mr. Maltigues, &c. They are what they ought to be, and cannot give rise to a single reflection—much less to criticism. Justice solely obliges me to remark, that the profound theory of immorality and the cool-blooded villany which characterize Maltigues, are traits worthy of the keenest observer and the touch of the most vigorous hand.

(To be continued.)

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BURKE AND FOX.

THE separation between these tried friends is extremely interesting, and forms a unique incident in the biography of statesmen. It seems in the year 1791, a bill was proposed in parliament for the formation of a constitution in Canada. In the discussion Burke went into the general principles of legislation, the doctrine of the Rights of Man, its consequence, the French constitution, and expressed his conviction, that in this country a design had been formed against the established government.

"Burke had been more than once called to order by the members of the opposition, when Mr. Fox rose. Conceiving that an insinuation of maintaining republican principles had been made against him, and that part of Burke's speech tended to strengthen the idea, in order to remove the impression, he declared his conviction that the British constitution, though defective in theory, was, in practice, admirably adapted to this country. He, however, repeated his praises of the French revolution; he thought it, on the whole, one of the most glorious events in the history of mankind, and expressed his dissent from Burke's opinions on the subject, which he said were inconsistent with his former principles. He also contended that the discussion of the French revolution was irrelative to the Quebec Bill.

"Burke in reply, said, "Mr. Fox has treated me with harshness and malignity; after harrassing with his light troops in the skirmishes of order, he has brought the heavy artillery of his own great abilities to bear on me." Having defended his opinions relative to the French constitution and vindicated himself from the charge of inconsistency, he avowed that Mr. Fox and he had often differed, and that there had been no loss of friendship between them; "but," continues he, "there is something in the cursed French constitution which envenoms every thing."—Fox whispered: "There is no loss of friend-

ship between us." Burke answered: "There is.—I know the price of my conduct: our friendship is at an end." He then concluded with exhorting the two great men at the head of the opposite parties, "whether they should move in the political hemisphere, as two blazing stars in opposite orbits, or walk together as brethren, to preserve the British constitution, and to guard it against innovation."

"On hearing this declaration of his former friend and political instructor, the feelings of Mr. Fox were too powerful to be suppressed. He rose to reply, but they denied him utterance. Relieved by involuntary tears, while the most profound silence pervaded the house, he said, "that however events might have altered the mind of his honorable friend, for such he must still call him, he could not so easily consent to relinquish and dissolve that intimate connexion which had for twenty-five years subsisted between them. He hoped that Mr. Burke would think on past times, and whatever conduct of his had caused the offence, that he would, at least believe such was not his intention."—In the course of his speech he still maintained that Burke had once held very different principles, and that he himself had learned from him those very principles which he now reprobated. He endeavoured to support his allegation by references to measures which Burke had either proposed or promoted, and also cited ludicrous expressions and observations of his to the same purpose. Mr. Fox concluded with making a beautiful application of a passage he recollected: "We may bear to be ill used and abused by those on whom we have conferred favours, and who owe every thing to our kindness. It is a calamity which the mind may endure. The injustice and ingratitude of the world are old topics of reflection. But to be ill-used and abused by one who has previously won and engaged the soul by kindness, is an affliction for which a grateful heart has no balm."

"The repetition of the charge of inconsistency which Mr. Fox made in the middle of this speech, completely effaced in Burke's mind that impression which the tenderness displayed at the beginning and the conclusion were calculated to produce.

"This separation Mr. Fox painfully felt to the latest period of his life. Both before and after the public declaration of Mr. Burke's resolution, he spared no efforts to effect a reconciliation, but Mr. Burke's invariable reply was: "Will he pronounce the renunciation?" He alluded to a singular paper drawn up by himself, containing a solemn renunciation of the principles of the French revolution, and a promise that he would never again propose a reform in parliament or the abolition of the test. Mr. Burke insisted that Mr. Fox should make the contents of this paper a part of his speech in a full house, a call of which he proposed to procure, that, as he said, nothing might be wanting to the impossibility of future apostacy.

"To this humiliation Mr. Fox could not submit; and though their mutual friends exerted their good offices—though the late Duchess of Devonshire—though Mr. Windham, the favourite, and almost the adopted son of Mr. Burke, united all their efforts, the latter still remained inflexible. To one of these applications he replied: "My separation from Mr. Fox is a

principle, and not a passion; I hold it as a sacred duty to confirm what I have said and written by this sacrifice; and to what purpose would be the re-union of a moment? I can have no delight with him, nor he with me."

"The severe remarks on Mr. Fox's friends, in which Burke frequently indulged, were constantly reported to Fox; but such was the attachment of the latter, that nothing could eradicate it. This was so well known to his friends, that at St. Ann's Hill, Burke was never mentioned but with respect. A gentleman having once observed that Burke was a sophist, and would be thought nothing of but for his dazzling eloquence; Mr. Fox immediately replied, that he entertained a very different opinion of that gentleman:—"The eloquence of Mr. Burke," says he, "rather injures his reputation; it is a veil over his wisdom; remove his eloquence, reduce his language, withdraw his images, and you will find that he is more wise than eloquent; you will have your full weight of the metal, though you should melt down the chacing."

"Lord Lauderdale once said in the presence of Mr. Fox, that Burke was a splendid madman.—"It is difficult," replied Mr. Fox, "to say whether he is mad or inspired; whether one or the other, every one must agree that he is a prophet."

"The first intelligence of the last illness of Burke, conveyed in a letter from Lord Fitzwilliam, deeply affected Mr. Fox. When he was afterwards informed that it could not fail to terminate fatally, he was agitated as with the expectation of some great calamity. In this state of mind he wrote to Mrs. Burke, expressing his intention of passing through Beaconsfield; and the following day received by an express this answer:

"Mrs. Burke's compliments to Mr. Fox, and thanks him for his obliging inquiries. Mrs. Burke communicated his letter to Mr. Burke, and by his desire has to inform Mr. Fox that it has cost Mr. Burke the most heartfelt pain to obey the stern voice of his duty, in rending asunder a long friendship, but that he had effected this necessary sacrifice that his principles remained the same, and that, in whatever of life yet remains to him, he conceives that he must continue to live for others, and not for himself. Mr. Burke is convinced, that the principles which he has endeavoured to maintain, are necessary to the good and dignity of his country, and that these principles can be enforced only by the general pursuasion of his sincerity. For herself Mrs. Burke has again to express her gratitude to Mr. Fox for his inquiries."

Thus died Edmund Burke, making his friendships martyrs to patriotism. He broke with Fox, not that he loved *Cæsar less*, but *Rome more*.

In the town where Addison was born is the following tradition of a curious excursion made by him when a boy:—Being at a country school, he committed some slight fault; when his fear of being corrected for it was so great that he ran away from his father's house, and fled into the fields, where he lived upon fruit and took up his lodging in a hollow tree, till, upon the publication of a reward to whoever should find him, he was discovered and restored to his parents.

In the reign of Edward I. 127[illegible] the wages of a labouring man were three half pence a-day; in 127[illegible] the price of a bible, fairly written with a commentary, was *thirty pounds!* that precious volume which may now be obtained for one day

pay, would then have cost more than 13 years labour to procure. In the year 1240, the building of two arches of London Bridge cost 25l. five pounds less than the value of a bible!

Dr. Watts, being one day in a Coffee House, observed two gentlemen looking steadfastly at him; at length he heard one of them say, pointing to him, "That is Dr. Watts!" The other after a short pause replied, "then he is a very *little* fellow!" On which the Doctor immediately turned round and delivered the following answer:

Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man!

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

BY AKENSIDE.

COME then tell me sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

One very dark night Mr. Elwes, hurrying along the street, ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel Timms, at whose house he was, insisted on an apothecary being sent for, to which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin; the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being sent for.—"very probable," said old Elwes, "but, Mr. ———, in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please to yours, and I will do nothing to mine; and I'll wager your bill that my leg gets well the first." He used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

On the death of Marshal Turenne, Louis XIV. made many general officers Marshals. "Que c'étoit la monnoie de M. Turenne;" said Madame de Cornuel. "These are the change of M. de Turenne."

Turenne could never forgive himself for having disclosed a secret of State to the beautiful Madame Coetquen. He used to say afterwards with some spleen, "it never was worth while for a man of sense to lose time with a pretty woman." When any thing confidential was introduced in the evening, he would say "*first put out the candles.*"

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

A New Paper will be published in Haverhill, (Mass.) entitled the Merrimack Intelligencer, by Wm B. Allen, the first number to appear the 2d day of July, 1808, and continued once a week.

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Dr. Watts, being one day in a Coffee House, observed two gentlemen looking steadfastly at him; at length he heard one of them say, pointing to him, "That is Dr. Watts!" The other after a short pause replied, "then he is a very *little* fellow!" On which the Doctor immediately turned round and delivered the following answer:

Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man!

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

BY AKENSIDE.

COME then tell me sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

One very dark night Mr. Elwes, hurrying along the street, ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel Timms, at whose house he was, insisted on an apothecary being sent for, to which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin; the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being sent for.—"very probable," said old Elwes, "but, Mr. ———, in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please to yours, and I will do nothing to mine; and I'll wager your bill that my leg gets well the first." He used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

On the death of Marshal Turenne, Louis XIV. made many general officers Marshals. "Que c'étoit harmonie de M. Turenne;" said Madame de Cornuel. "These are the change of M. de Turenne."

Turenne could never forgive himself for having disclosed a secret of State to the beautiful Madame Coetquen. He used to say afterwards with some spleen, "it never was worth while for a man of sense to lose time with a pretty woman." When any thing confidential was introduced in the evening, he would say "*first put out the candles.*"

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

A New Paper will be published in Haverhill, (Mass.) entitled the Merrimack Intelligencer, by Wm B. Allen, the first number to appear the 2d day of July, 1808, and continued once a week.

PRIZE MEDALS,

Offered by the Humane Society of Philadelphia.

AT a meeting of the managers on the eighth ultimo, the decision of the Medical Professors of the University of Pennsylvania was received, containing information that they have carefully examined the three dissertations for the Prize Medals, and that "they are unanimously of opinion that neither of them are entitled to the Medals, as they do not appear to contain any *original* observations;" at the same time remarking that they are by no means destitute of merit as to arrangement and style.

The Managers adopted their decision, and are again induced to offer,

For the best dissertation on the means of restoring to life persons apparently dead, from drowning, *and more effectual than any yet in use*, a Gold Medal, value One Hundred Dollars.

For the second best a piece of plate, value fifty Dollars.

The dissertations to be sent to the Secretary of the Society (post paid) by the first of January, 1810.

They may be written in the English, French or Latin language; to be accompanied with a sealed paper, containing the Author's name and place of residence, which is not to be opened, unless the prize is decreed.

They shall be submitted to the judgment and decision of the Medical Professors of the University of Pennsylvania.

Although the first efforts in this truly important research has not proved successful, yet when we consider its magnitude, it is believed no additional reason need be given for continuing the attempt to enlarge our knowledge, where the preservation of human life is the object.—We hope no discouragement will arise from the failure of the late dissertations, in which ingenuity and learning are evident, as our aim is to arrive at a knowledge of the means of restoring life more effectual than any yet in use; being persuaded that the discovery of such means will amply repay the most laborious investigation, and form a new epoch in the progress of humanity and science. *By order of the Managers of the Humane Society,*

JOSEPH CRUKSHANK, President.
ISAAC SNOWDEN, jun Secretary.

NOTICE.

The review of that popular novel, Corinne, which we present to our readers, in this number, is translated from "*La revue Philosophique, littéraire et politique*," published in Paris, and is selected from some of the last numbers of that celebrated publication—which was edited chiefly by the members of the *Institute*. The suppression of this publication excited surprize even in France, that country of wonders. It originated from this cause:

The editors of this *Review* had, all along, and particularly during the last changes in the political government of that nation, discovered an independence of spirit, or inflexible attachment to their opinions, which could not accommodate itself to the ever varying circumstances of that variable people. In their review of the poem, addressed to Bonaparte on his coronation at Milan, by the Italian poet, (we believe *Monti*,) they could not refrain from some bitter sarcasms, on the spirit of adulation which pervaded it. This immediately excited the indignation of the poet, who had now become a personage of some consequence, and who laid his complaint before the Minister of the Interior, *not so much on his own account, but because it was a direct insult upon the Emperor himself.* The minister, in his next *Exposé* upon the state of the empire, takes occasion from thence to notice the licentiousness of a certain class of writers who retaining their attachment to the principles of the revolution, could no longer be tolerated, with safety to the new *regime*. The blow was then aimed, and their doom was certain. But to save the feelings of many members of the Institute, and at their earnest entreaties, a middle course was taken—and during the last summer it was announced, that the "*Revue*" would be discontinued, or rather amalgamated into the "*Mercure de France*." We thus behold the singular phenomenon of two publications, diametrically opposite in their sentiments, and carrying on a literary warfare as hostile as any political one that ever existed between the gazettes of the *ministry* and *opposition* in London, melting the one into the other, and becoming perfectly in unison. But the *Imperial talisman* produces surprising effects.

Yet it is to be lamented that the tyranny of power should not exempt from its influence the classick groves, and the temples of science;—but the least shadow of *opposition* and *independence* is as odious and hateful to the great *Emperor* as his worst of enemies—neither can be endured—they must be exterminated.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

DECEPTION,

OR FALSE APPEARANCES.

Decipimur specie recti.—HOR.

TO trace the wily mazes of deceit,
Pursue, and drag to light the coward cheat;
Strip off the tinsel guise, that falsely glares,
And show what shapes the protean monster wears,
Our muse in rude and tuneless rhyme essays,
And sues for pardon more than hopes for praise.

Turn where we will, to elevate or low,
Still life presents us a deceitful show.
Few value virtue for her real charms,
But for the profit as the rich their farms.
And man's chief end is not to be, but seem,
What most may win the wayward worlds esteem.
Hence dark dissimulation's mimic race,
Suppli'd like Janus, with a double face.
One they assume, a screen from being known,
To ape a character that's not their own;
The other shows them truly as they are,
Which last, I ween, the wizzards seldom wear.
But see, where all pretence, with mock parade,
They crowd the scene, a motley masquerade.
There the plump dean, with scarf, and surplice grac'd,
Forbids all vicious joys, then turns to taste;
Undone damsels rails the envious prude,
Who ne er was frail, because she ne'er was woo'd;
The worn-out belle, no more the reigning queen,
Sings psalms, and prays, and goes to church—from spleen,
While there in secret loaths the pious toil,
And "casts a longing, lingering look at Hoyle."
He grieves to find there is no way to heaven,
Were smooth, and pleasant, than repentance given.
The widowed fair, whose spouse the fates destroy,
Puts on the decent veil, to hide her joy,
And, while she pays those rites, the dead require,
Lights a new passion at the funeral pyre.
There slaves to fashion miserably feign
A face of pleasure, with a heart of pain;
These beardless boys in mimic caucus mix,
To show where Statesmen err'd in politics.
The canting hypocrite, full length we paint.
A week day sinner, now a Sunday saint.
With what solemnity of gait and face,
He walks the temple of the god of grace!
Behold him there, devout, with lifted eyes,
His bosom bursting with repeated sighs;
With deep contrition then he bows his head
Upon a cushion for the purpose spread;
And there his handkerchief applies to steep
In precious tears, the christian sheds—asleep.

Next comes a deep dissembler, smooth and bland,
"Your friend and loving servant to command."
He tenders all the hand, and cordial squeeze;
In kin d professions, liberal as the breeze.
He courts your love with many a winning wile,
And smiles, and fawns, and flatters to beguile,
Haply some simple maid, in guileless youth,
Hears him, and fondly deems his tale is truth;
And as a bird by serpent magic lur'd,
Flits to the fatal spot to be devour'd;
So drawn by flattery's fascinating sway,
She falls the insidious tempter's hapless prey.
The false, cameleon courtier bred to art,
To mask each thought and motion of the heart,
Can hug the rival, whom he inly spurns,
Smile to his face, and stab him, as he turns.

Long anxious to be mark'd, in front has stood,
A blustering son of spunk, yclept a blood;
Of modern rise, a mixture strange and crude,
Of ape and hero; one of folly's brood;

Born at the moon's dim wane, in fancy's dearth,
And Dulness stood Godmother at his birth.
Who, as he grew took care, in time, to case
His "thick rotundity of scull" in brass.
Arm'd with a massy club, surcharg'd with lead,
(Expressive, emblem of the owner's head)
And clad in mighty *dreadnaught, lo, he goes!
Fearless to meet a host of winged foes;
To war with bees, and plunder poultry house;—
In face a Cæsar, but in soul a mouse.

Vain were our wish to note each plausive cheat,
That shelters vice, or folly in deceit.
Some, wrapt in deep, inscrutable disguise,
Deceive alike the simple and the wise.

How hard for truth gainst such a world to strive,
Where holy knaves, and vizor'd villains thrive!
Who talk of virtue, in the public ear;
In private, fatten on the orphan's tear;
Crush the poor labourer with oppressive load,
And sweetly banquet on their brother's blood!
With serpent guile round artless beauty twine,
Then make a wretch of her, they call'd divine.

But where does conscience hold her court the while;
Why haunts she not these happy men of guile!
She's doom'd, unheard, in drowning draughts to steep,
Or put, like babes when troublesome, to sleep.

Now turn we to those lovely cheats the fair,
Whose tongues, like charming echoes hang in air;
Like echoes too untir'd for e'er repeat;
Yet, be it sense, or nonsense, always sweet.
The subtle serpent first instructed Eve,
And she her docile daughters, to deceive.
How shall unpractic'd youth escape their wiles,
Their bidden blushes and bewitching smiles?
The tender languor of the melting eye,
Themurderous ogle, and the pensive sigh;
The vail thrown back, by artful accident,
The neck, like lilies languishingly bent;
The counterfeited fright, when naught alarms,
To faint and fall into a favourite's arms;
The skilful conduct of the airy fan,
With nameless other snares to entangle man.

Nanette, tho' full of love, affects disdain,
And plays the tyrant with her silly swain.
But let her slave obsequious suit forbear
And menace marriage with some kinder fair;
The sweet relenter cries, in blushes dress'd,
"Stay, Damon, I was only coy in jest."

Gay Kitty, conscious of her outside grace,
And all the magic of a pretty face,
Learns the long chapter of her sexes art,
Then plays them off, to steal her gazers hearts.
Jack wants a rib; he sees, admires, and sighs;
He woos the goddess, and obtains the Prize.
He thanks the gods for such a loving wife,
And dreams his tenderness will last the life;
But ere a second moon of bliss he proves
His goddess' scolds the knell of parting love."

Some violently love the warbling art,
Who scarce a harp and fiddle know a part;
At concerts foremost in the boxes shine,
And cry in ecstacy, "'tis sweet! divine!
Like kittens in a void receiver pant,
And only do not die because they can't;
Yet all's the same to them, "'tis most divine;"
Sweet Handel's airs, or creak of tavern sign.

Sincerity, thou frank, ingenuous maid,
To whom my artless, infant vows were paid;
Come, while thy soul sits smiling in thy face,
Diffusing o'er thy charms a living grace,
Come from the quiet vale, or simple plain,
Possess the bosom of the fair again!
Teach them to spurn the needless aid of art,
To win with their own loveliness the heart;
Learn men of guile to love thy rustic reign,
Like Phillips, make them Israelites indeed.

* *Called by sober people a great coat.*

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